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*From the Fredericksburg Journal.*

An editorial notice, in the Baltimore Gazette, of the November number of the Knickerbocker, has been the means of enabling us to give to our readers the following beautiful lines. We set them down, years ago, and have not met with them since. They are now, as the Gazette seems to think, originally published in the Knickerbocker; nor are they from the pen of WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK.—*The author of the poem is lost to us; but he has never produced anything comparable in truthfulness, and melody, with the following. If we mistake not, they first appeared in the Evening Star, a periodical started about twenty years ago, by the Boys of Penn College:*

I press'd thine cheek tittering from  
The lips of longing's cold desire,  
One here, two there, to kiss, to muse,  
As full of ill thoughts as mine!  
And each has but one dream of joy,  
His own unquailed, pure innocence;

Compassing when he thought gay  
First thine lovely woman's grace.

Others had but a taste of youth—  
Without the kiss, the love of eyes—  
More passion, more beauty, true,  
Than any two of ours or ours.

Yea! this could I of tender lays  
At midnight, in music borders,

O, days past! but in music days—  
Or names that can no longer name.

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